

THE CITY OF NUMBERED DAYS

BY FRANCIS LYNDY

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CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

Harlan's lean, lined face was a study in changing emotions as he read. But at the end there was an aggrieved look in his eyes, mirroring the poignant regret of a newspaper man who has found a priceless story which he dares not use. "It's ripping," he sighed, "the biggest piece of fireworks a poor devil of a newspaper man ever had a chance to touch off. But, of course, I can't print it."

"Why of course?"

"For the same reason that a sane man doesn't peek down the muzzle of a loaded gun when he is monkeying with the trigger. I want to live a little while longer."

Brouillard looked relieved.

"I thought, perhaps, it was an account of your investments," he said.

"Not at the present writing," amended Harlan with a grin. "I got a case of cold feet when we had that little up and down in the market. The market opened I cleaned up and sent the aureous little round dollars home to Ohio."

"And still you won't print this?"

"I'd like to, but they'd hang me and sack the shop. I shouldn't blame 'em. If what you have said here ever gets into cold type, it's good-by Mirapolis. Why, Brouillard, the whole United States would rise up and tell us to get off the map. You've made us look like thirty cents trying to block the wheels of a million dollars—and that is about the size of it, I guess."

"Then it is your opinion that if this were printed it would do the business?"

"There isn't the slightest doubt about it."

"Thank you, Harlan, that is what I wanted to find out—if I had made it strong enough. It'll be printed. I'll put it on the wire to the Associated Press. I was merely giving you the first look at it."

"Gee—gosh! hold on a minute!" exclaimed the newsman, jumping up and snatching his fingers. "If I weren't such a dedicated coward, I'd run in a few 'I's' and 'A's', and I'll chance it."

"No; it goes as it lies. There are no allegations. It is merely a string of cold facts, as you very well know. Print it if you like, and I'll see to it that they don't hang you or loot the office. I have two hundred of the safest men on my force under arms to-night, and we'll take care of you. I'm in this thing for blood, Harlan, and when I get through, this little obstruction in the way of progress that you and your crowd planned, and that you and I and a lot of other fools and knaves helped to build, will be cooling itself under two hundred feet of water."

"Good Lord!" said the editor, still unable to compass the barbaric suddenness of it. Then he ran his eye over the scratch sheets again. "Does this formal notice that the waste-gates will be closed three weeks from tomorrow go as it stands?" he inquired.

"It does. I have the department's authority. You know as well as I do that unless a fixed day is set there will be no move made. We are all trespassers here, and we've been warned off. That's all there is to it. And if we can't get our little 'selvages' up into the hills in three weeks it's our loss; we had no business bringing them here."

The editor looked up with a light of new discovery in his eyes. "You say 'we' and 'our'?" he reminded me; "Garner told me no longer ago than this afternoon that you are on record for something like a hundred thousand dollars' worth of choice Mirapolis front feet. How about that?"

Brouillard's smile was quite heart-whole.

"I've kept my salary in a separate pocket, Harlan. Besides that, well, I came here with nothing and I shall go away with nothing. The rest of it was all stage money."

"Say—by hen!" ejaculated the owner of the Spotlight. Then, smiling the deek. "You ought to be printing that. I'd run it in red headlines across the top of the front page. But, of course, you won't. Well, here goes for the fireworks and a chance of a soaped rope." And he pushed the Spotlight for the copy boy.

Late as it was when he left the Spotlight office, Brouillard waited on the corner for a Quadrenal car, and catching one, he was presently whisked out to the ornate villa in the eastern suburb. There was a light in the hall and another in a room to the rear, and it was Amy who answered his touch of the bell-push.

"No I can't stay," he said, when she asked him in. "But I had to come, it was only for a minute. The deed is done. I've had my next-to-the-last round-up with Mr. J. Wesley Cortwright, and tomorrow's Spotlight will fire the sunset gun for Mirapolis. Is your father here?"

"No. He and Stevie are up at the mine. I am looking for them on every car."

"When they come, tell your father it's time to hike. Are you all packed?" She nodded. "Everything is ready."

"All right. Three of my teams will be here by midnight, at the latest. The driver and helpers will be good men and you can trust them. Don't let anything interfere with your getting safe up to the mountain tonight. There'll be warm times in Gomorrah from this on and I want a free hand—which I shouldn't have with you here."

"Oh, I'm glad, glad—and I'm just as scared as I can be!" she gasped with true feminine inconsistency. "They will single you out first; what if I am sending you to your death, Victor? Oh, please don't go and break my heart the other way across by getting killed!"

He drew a deep breath and laughed. "You don't know how good it sounds to hear you say that—and say it in that way. I shan't be reckless. But I'm going acrossing J. Wesley and his crowd to look—'em got to go, and they've got to turn the 'Little Susan' loose."

"They will never do that," she said sadly.

"I'll make them; you wait and see."

She looked up with the violet eyes kindling.

"I told you once that you could do anything you wanted to—if you only wanted to hard enough. I believed it then; believe it now."

"No," he said, with a smile that was half sorrowful, "I can't make two hills without a valley between them. I've chased down the back track like a little man—for love's sake, Amy—and I've burned all the bridges behind me as I ran; namely, the bridge of safety to the pieces of reservoir bottom I'd been buying. But when it is all over I shall be just where I was when we began—exactly one hundred thousand dollars short of being able to say: 'Come, girl, let's go and get married.'"

"But father owes you a hundred thousand dollars," she said quickly.

"Not in a hundred thousand years. O most inconsistent of women! Didn't we agree that that money was poisoned? It was the purchase price of an immortal soul, and I wouldn't touch it with a pair of tongs. That is why your father couldn't use it; it belonged to the devil and the devil wanted it back."

"Father won't take that view of it," she protested.

"Then you'll have to help me to bully him, that's all. But I must go and relieve Grizy, who is doing guard duty at the mixers. Tell your father to say—no, that isn't what I meant to say, it's this—and his arms were suddenly across the hundred-thousand-dollar chasm."

usually eating a luncheon sent over to the mapping room from Bongras, Harlan drifted in.

"Spill your news," commanded Leshington gruffly. "What's doing, and who's doing it?"

"Nobody, and nothing much," said Harlan, answering the two queries as one. "The town is falling apart like a bunch of sand and the get-away has set in. Two full trains went east this forenoon, and two more are scheduled for this afternoon if the railroad people can get the cars here."

"Good-by, little girl, good-by," hummed Grizy, entering in time to hear the report of the flight.

But Leshington was shaking his big head moodily. "Laugh about it if you can, but it's no joke," he growled. "When the froth is blown away and the bubbles float, there are going to be some mighty bitter settlements left at the bottom of the stem."

"You're right, Leshington," said Harlan, gravely. "What we're seeing now is the shock of surprise of it—as when a man says 'Ouch!' before he realizes that the dog which has bitten him has a well-developed case of rabies. We'll come to the hydrophobic stage later on."

By nightfall of this first day the editor's ominous prophecy seemed about to reach its fulfillment. The avenue was crowded again and the din and

and by nine o'clock of the night of prediction a loosely organized mob of drink-maddened terrorists was drifting from street to street, and there were violence and incendiarism to follow. Though the property destruction mattered little, the anarchy it was breeding had to be controlled. Brouillard and Leshington got out their reserve force and did what they could to restore some semblance of order. It was little enough, and by ten o'clock the amateur policing of the city had reduced itself to a double guarding of the dam and the machinery, and a cordoning of the Metropole, the reclamation service buildings, and the Spotlight office. For Harlan, the dash of sporting blood in his veins asserted itself, still stayed on and continued to issue his paper.

"I said I wanted to be in at the death, and for a few minutes tonight I thought I was going to be," he told Brouillard when the engineer had posted his guards and had climbed the stairs to the editorial office. Then he asked a question: "When is this little hell-on-earth going to be finally extinguished, Victor?"

"They are fast asleep at the moment," said a question of his own: "Did you know that Cortwright and Schermerhorn and Judge Williams came back this evening, Harlan?"

"I did," said the newspaper man. "They are fast asleep at the moment, as large as life."

"What's up?"

"That is what I'd like to know. There's a bunch of strangers at the Metropole, too, a sheriff's posse, foodies, thinks; at least, there is a delegation from Red Butte with the crowd."

Harlan tilted back in his chair and scanned the ceiling reflectively. "This thing is getting on my nerve, old man. I wish we could clean the slate and all go home."

"It is going to be cleaned. Notices will be posted tomorrow warning everybody that the waste-gates will be closed promptly on the date advertised."

"When is it? Things have been revolving too rapidly to let me remember such a trivial item as a date."

"It is the day after tomorrow, at noon."

The owner of the Spotlight nodded. "The hydrographer got up and told me about this. I've got every thing on skids, even the presses. Au revoir—or perhaps one should say, Au reservoir."

Fresh shoutings and a crackling of pistols arose in the direction of the plaza, and Brouillard went out to see what was going on. The red glow of other house burnings loomed against the somber background of Jack's mountain.

"Senseless savages," he muttered, and then went back to the editorial office, where the Cortwright reappeared. "I wish I knew what it means."

"Let's see," said the newsman thoughtfully; "what is there worth taking that you didn't take in the morning?" By Jove—saw! Did old David Massingale get out of J. Wesley's clutches before the lightning struck?"

"I wish I could say 'Yes,' and be sure of it," he replied. "You know of the thiefing stock deal or what you didn't know I told you. Well, I had Massingale, as president, call a meeting of directors—which never advised, he went on working the deal to a window. A good bit of over and then, when he could squeeze it in between the get-away trains. Of course, there is bound to be a future of some sort; but that is the present condition of affairs."

"How about those notes in the bank? Wasn't Massingale personally involved in some way?"

Brouillard bounded out of his chair as if the question had been a point-blank pit.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



The Spotlight Office Was the First Point of Attack.

clamor was the roar of a mob infuriated. Brouillard and Leshington just returned from posting a company of the workmen guard at the mixers and crushers, when Grizy, who had been scouting on the avenue, came in.

"Harmless enough yet," he reported. "It's only some more of the get-away that Harlan was describing. Just the same, it's something awful. People are fairly climbing over one another on the road up the hill to the station—with no possible hope of getting a train before some of the good fellows are charging twenty-five dollars a load for moving stuff that won't find cars for a week, and they're scarce at the price."

Leshington, who was not normally a profane man, opened his mouth and said things.

"If the Cortwright crowd had one man in it with a single idea beyond saving his own miserable stake!" he stormed. "What are the spell-binders doing, Grizy?"

The hydrographer grinned. "Cortwright and a chosen few left this afternoon, hoofed, for Washington, to get the government to interfere. That's the story they'd like to have the people believe. But the fact is, they ran away from the scene. I think I see 'em coming back—'not!' snorted the first assistant. Then to Brouillard: "That puts it up to us from this out. Is there anything we can do?"

Brouillard shook his head. "I don't want to stop the retreat. I've heard from President Ford. The entire western division will hustle the business of emptying the town, and the quicker it is done the sooner it will be over."

For a tumultuous week the right from the doomed city went on, and the overtaxed single-track railroad wrought miracles of transportation. Not until the second week did the idea of material salvage take root, but even started, it grew like a weed. Hundreds of wrecking crews were formed.

"It begins to look a little better," said Anson on the day in the third week when the army of government laborers began to strip the final forms of the top of the great wall, and now unfitted the two mountain shoulders and completely overshadowed and dominated the dismantled town. "If the avenue would only take its hunch and go, the agony would be over."

"It will be worse before it is better," was the young chief's prediction, and the foreboding verified itself that night. Looting of a more or less brazen sort had been going on from the first.

they are often heavier than the stall that supports them. Of all fruits, the banana yields most food per acre. It yields forty times more by weight than the potato, and as much as 132 times more than wheat.

It is immune from disease of any sort, and no insect will attack it.

Nervous people often reject bananas that have become brown and mushy, fearing microbes. But such fear is needless. The banana is fit to eat as soon as it has lost all the green color, and remains fit no matter how black it may be, so long as the skin is unbroken; for until the latter occurs, there can be no admission of air and no decomposition.

Bananas, by the way, are good for babies. Dr. Eric Fritchard finds that a decoction of banana gruel has many points of recommendation. It can be made in a few minutes by rubbing a heaped up tablespoonful of banana flour into a pint of water, and then boiling for five minutes.

William Jennings Bryan has been recommended for the 1916 Nobel peace prize.

Among the most delightful modern products are our bachelor girls. It has been said that a good wife is the by-product of love, and it may be said with equal truth that a bachelor girl is the result of new business conditions.

One thing, however, is certain: The bachelor girl has crowded out our old maids. Rarely, indeed, will you come across a real genuine specimen of the blighted love series surrounded with her felicitous pet, an authority on heart solace. One of the great old maids, Robert J. Odell, president of the Association of Ex-pupils, writes Governor Willis as follows:

"During the past week the press of the state has widely published that the Association of Ex-pupils of the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil War Home, at Xenia, Ohio, is planning to hold a bachelorette party."

There may be a few of those dear old maids still to be found in the remote country districts, but in our towns and cities they are extinct as the dodo.

Perhaps it would be more correct to say that they have "retired" into bachelor girls. In the good old days any girl who didn't marry before she was thirty was dubbed "an old maid." She was frequently a lonely soul and took to reading faded letters and dabbling with smelling salts.

Nowadays a girl who doesn't marry is called a "bachelor girl." She has a good job and holds it down; has a checkbook, good clothes, lives in a pretty flat or shares apartments with other pretty girls, and is looked up to and envied by her married friends.

She attends strictly to business and her relatives are very polite to her because she is such a clever creature. And incidentally because she buys shoes for their children and pays for their piano lessons.

The old maid lived in the past; the bachelor girl lives in the present and has her weather eye on things to come.—Buffalo News.

HAVE DISPLACED OLD MAIDS

"Bachelor Girl" Is Better Appellation Now Given to the Woman Who Remains Single.

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KIMBROUGH IS FAVORED

Board is Commended for Appointment of Civil War Veterans.

Concerning the appointment of J. S. Kimbrough, a veteran of the Civil War, as superintendent of the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil War Home, at Xenia, Ohio, is planning to hold a bachelorette party."

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IMPORTANT WEAPON OF WAR

Captive Balloon Enables Army Commanders to Locate Positions That Are Held by the Enemy.

The captive balloon is playing an astonishing role in this war. It was first used in maneuvers for signaling purposes only. Aviators did all the work. It was taken into this war as something antiquated. But it has come to unexpected honor, thanks to the conditions of modern warfare. Captive balloons are to be seen all along the front and their value is great. They carry aloft whole batteries of photographic apparatus.

The aviator, soaring through the air at a tremendous speed, has not the leisure to make the observations possible to the man in the balloon. The balloon is stationary. It remains on the spot for hours and even for days. It is the observer suffers from the equivalent of sea sickness he remains aloft. He is the eye of the artillery. He watches every move of the opponent, the flashes of his guns and controls the fire of his own. But his

STATE WARDS ARE WELL CARED FOR

CHAIRMAN REIGHARD GIVES FACTS CONCERNING JUVENILE RESEARCH BUREAU.

DENIES FALSE STATEMENTS

Of Unfriendly Newspapers—Present Admiration Not Stingy With Funds Appropriated For Research Purposes Is Shown By Figures.

By Claude C. Waltemire, Correspondent of the Ohio Republican Editorial Association.

Columbus, O.—Hon. Frank H. Reighard, chairman of the finance committee of the house of representatives, has forever put a quietus on the statements being made by unfriendly newspapers that the Willis administration has failed to give proper attention and money for the state wards.

Concerning the bureau of juvenile research and others, Mr. Reighard says: "The law creating the bureau of juvenile research went into effect just six months prior to the beginning of the Willis administration. In the first four and one-half months of that time the state board of administration, which has charge of the work of the bureau, with millions of dollars at its command, appropriated in lump sums, spent for all purposes in prosecuting the work of the bureau, \$1,417.07. At that rate the expense for the year would have been \$3,778.50. The Willis legislature appropriated for the work \$10,676.12 annually. Compared with what the Cox board spent, the appropriation made by the last board was anything but stingy."

"The demand that came from every quarter of the state, from child welfare societies, probate judges and probation officers, was for cottages for the housing of patients, that the feeble minded, epileptic and insane may be segregated. Not a single demand was made for a building for the bureau of juvenile research, except one from the board of administration for \$20,000 for that purpose. Governor Cox's budget submitted to the Willis legislature does not contain a word of recommendation for the appropriation of a dollar either for the work or a building for the bureau."

"The demand for cottages was not a new one, for the institution for the feeble minded and hospital for epileptics were refusing to take patients, owing to crowded conditions. 'At these two institutions the Cox legislature had appropriated \$20,000 for new buildings, while the Willis legislature appropriated \$49,000 for the same purpose. For new buildings and betterments at state institutions the Willis legislature appropriated more than \$1,500,000, the largest amount appropriated for like purposes by any legislature in the last 50 years. Does this look like stinginess?"

OFFICERS ARE SELECTED

For Republican State Convention to Be Held at Columbus June 21-22.

Columbus.—The committee on arrangements for the Republican State Convention, appointed by Hon. W. L. Parmenter, chairman Republican State Central committee, has unanimously agreed upon the following temporary officers for the Republican state convention to be held in Columbus on June 21 and 22:

Chairman, Ralph D. Cole, Hancock county; secretary, John P. Maynard, Allen county; assistant secretary, Elmer S. Landes, Wayne county; assistant secretary, George Deckbach, Adams county; assistant secretary, Charles F. Wetzer, Cuyahoga county; assistant secretary, Warren E. Barnett, Franklin county; sergeant-at-arms, O. C. Gray, Harrison county; assistant sergeant-at-arms, C. C. Varner, Ashtabula county; second assistant sergeant-at-arms, Edward T. Banks, Montgomery county; third assistant sergeant-at-arms, Topsy Troupe, Clarke county; fourth assistant sergeant-at-arms, A. T. Robinson, Lawrence county; chaplain, Rev. J. H. Davis, Columbus; official stenographer, R. M. King, Franklin county.

ARCHER ALWAYS ON THE JOB

"Put" Senses owns the Ottawa County Sheriff. He says: State Treasurer McKimley is making one of the best state officers Ohio has ever had. He attends strictly to business. He safeguards the interests of the state."

perch is most dangerous. Shrapnel and shell search constantly for his range and elevation, which have to be altered at frequent intervals. But they rarely find their mark, but the balloon sometimes has to be removed to a distance.

The whole landscape is spread out before the balloonist as one gigantic battlefield, but not a living soul is to be seen. Man is hiding from man, crouching in holes in the ground, all animated with only one thought—to kill.

Accounting for Prairies, The treeless prairies of Texas, Mexico and Central America are attributed to primitive Indian agriculture. Lands once cleared and afterwards abandoned were prevented by fire from becoming reforested, until all primitive agriculture ended in the age of grass, prairie fires, wandering buffaloes, and nomadic hunters.

GETS MONEY VALUE

The man who spends all his money on his family at least gets something for it.—Detroit Free Press.

F. R. FAUVER HAS SYSTEM

Signs Prove Country Is Turning to Republicans.

Recent Special Election in the Second Congressional District of West Virginia Is Only One of Many Significant Incidents.

That was an interesting straw which West Virginia tossed up into the political breeze when a vacancy in the second congressional district was filled at the regular November election, the Democratic candidate was chosen by a plurality of 1,250. At that time the total Progressive vote was 7,110. If the Progressives had all voted for the Republican candidate he would have been elected by only 355 margin.

In the ten years previous of the inauguration of the present policies the upkeep of the canals cost the people of Ohio \$2,532,487 in excess of all receipts. Under the methods now used Mr. Fauver's department in ten years \$500,000 could be derived from this source over all expenditures.

Now the district has elected a Republican by about 800 plurality. The Republican margin is much larger than it would have been if all of the Progressives who stuck to their own organization had voted as a bloc for the Republican ticket, and all other conditions had remained unchanged. Is the total vote smaller than it is in a general election, and as not very Progressive voted the Republican ticket, it is quite evident that their confidence was not in the candidate that they were in 1914. There have been Democratic losses and Republican gains.

In that respect West Virginia is like other states. It has long been apparent that the current was setting strongly toward the conservative toward the Republican party and this special election in West Virginia is the latest demonstration of the general drift of public sentiment.

DESERVING OF RE-ELECTION

Many Accomplishments and Important Changes Have Been Recorded.

When the formal declaration of Governor Frank B. Willis for renomination was filed with Secretary of State Charles Q. Hildebrand, the secretary gave out the following statement: "Governor Willis should be renominated without opposition and he will be re-elected by a large increased majority. The people voted for a change in the state administration in 1914 and they want Governor Willis to continue on the job and complete the work so well begun in the few months that have elapsed since his inauguration."

"When it is taken into consideration that the Democratic forces were in control of state affairs for seven years and during this period six sessions of the legislature were held (including one special session under Governor Harmon and two special sessions under Governor Cox) and also a state constitutional convention, all controlled by the Democrats, Governor Willis has done more than any other Republican could hope to do in bringing about the necessary changes in the state laws and administration policies with only one session of the legislature and but a few months' service to his credit."

"The governor merits a renomination in every sense of the word and his election, which will follow as a matter of course, will enable him to carry out his party policies to a greater extent and thus complete one of the most popular and most satisfactory administrations in the history of the state."

SELECT GOOD, CAPABLE MEN

Voters Should Be Very Careful in Making Selection.

One of the imperative duties which lie before the Republican voters at the coming primaries is to select good, capable men for Congress. It is a foregone conclusion that the next Congress will be Republican. The present Congress has shown its utter inability to cope with the big questions which confront this age. The people are looking to the Republican party for relief. Men should be selected who are experienced, and who are broad enough not only to see the needs of big business, but also of little business. Men who are not only in touch with the needs of the business man, but with the farmer as well. Men who not only know the needs of capital, but of labor. Likewise, no mere politician should be nominated. The representative office is a single trust. Three years ago the Democratic party came into power under false pretenses. It ruled against "the high cost of living," and solemnly promised, if placed in power, it would reduce the cost of living. But once in, not a measure was introduced tending in that direction. Though the primaries do not come until August, it is none too soon to begin to look about to see what manner of men are putting themselves forward as candidates for the nation's great representative council. With the primary, the voters have it in their power to select whomsoever they will. If the right men are not seeking the office, they should be hunted out and forced into the race. Mr. Voter, look well for your Congressional aspirants.

Ex-President Deserves Honor. What Republican has set a better if so good an example in the matter of party reunion for use this year than has ex-President Taft? He has effaced himself entirely as a political force in his own behalf. He is asking nothing for himself. All he has asked and is asking is a united opposition to the national administration, which he considers a failure. He is "pulling" for none of the aspirants for the Chicago honor, but assuming that a good ticket will be named on a platform of straight Republican principles.

ANTI-DUMPING LAW NO GOOD

It may be taken for granted that after the war the European nations will sell manufactured goods far below cost, no matter what sort of an anti-dumping law the secretary of commerce may get on the books. His department cannot devise an anti-dumping law, with the cumbersome machinery of investigation and report, that cannot be easily evaded. There is but one certain anti-dumping device and that is a genuine protective tariff, which will follow Republican success in November.

FOR FORM'S SAKE, ANYWAY

Democratic newspapers are so busy nominating a Republican candidate for president that they have no time to spare to go to the expense of an editorial, yet we feel that a Republican convention will make a better choice than a Democratic newspaper.—Philadelphia Press.

ONE REASON FOR BACHELORS

Once in a while a man doesn't marry because he's afraid he may have a large collection of his wife's folks to support.

OF COURSE, IT TAKES CASH

"Is George doing nicely at college?" asked the sympathetic friend. "Yes, indeed," said the fond mother, "and taking such an interest in his studies, too. Why, only last week he wrote home to his father asking for funds with which to pursue his investigation of dramatic celebrities."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

DIDN'T GIVE HER A CHANCE

Re—What you need is a complete change. She—But you keep on calling.

SHOW G.O.P. VICTORY

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THE SUGAR TARIFF

"It matters not which party wins in the election next November, there will have to be a revision of the tariff, and along upward lines," declared Senator Robert F. Broussard of Louisiana, at the Shoreham. "We may expect England to withdraw from our market as a purchaser of sugar after the war, for she has been encouraging the development of sugar production as a result of the report of a commission appointed some time ago. England will undoubtedly become a large producer of sugar. British Guiana is producing 2,500,000 tons of sugar where a few years ago her production was only 100,000 tons."

"Under the Brussels conference, England is not permitted to give subsidies, but the position taken by the English commission is that the war put an end to the agreement, inasmuch as Germany refused to do it. For the present the duty of one cent a hundred on sugar will be sufficient, but we shall undoubtedly have to raise the duty later on to the old rate, or even higher, for we shall be round question have England as a competitor in our market unless we do."—Washington Post.

UNJUST TO ROOSEVELT

Ever since General Wood was jumped over the heads of many who outranked him in the army and was made chief of staff by Roosevelt, etc. Washington Correspondence of the New York Times.

President Roosevelt never had anything to do with jumping Leonard Wood over the heads of many who outranked him in the army, and it was President Taft who, on July 15, 1910, appointed Wood chief of staff of the army when he was its ranking major general. It was President McKinley, and no one else, who ever "jumped" Leonard Wood over many who outranked him. President McKinley during Wood's service as military governor of Cuba made him a brigadier general, U. S. A., on February 3, 1901. President Roosevelt promoted General Wood to a general on August 8, 1903, but for a considerable time he had been the senior brigadier general. Secretary of War Root said that the appointment was on merit as well as by seniority. The list of brigadiers at the time would bear Mr. Root out.

SAFETY FIRST

Landlady—What are you? New Guest—I am a performer. "What do you do?" "I escape from tight places." "Without anybody seeing you do it?" "Yes." "Well, if that's the case you'll have to pay in advance."

ROUGH ON THE SLACKER

Edward Marshall, the author and war correspondent, said in London: "After my experience on the tormented Sussex I can sympathize with the British soldier on the slackers. 'The slacker gets it good and hard in England nowadays. One of these slackers boards a train that other evening that was crowded with muddy, unshaven soldiers just back on a five-day furlough from the trenches.'"

THE SLACKER WAS IN EVENING DRESS

The slacker was in evening dress—silk socks, pumps, brilliant hair and dainty white gloves. There were no seats, so he took hold of a strap. As he stood there strap-hanging the Tommies studied him thoughtfully. Finally one of them got up and touched him on the elbow politely, and said: "Have my seat, miss."

Millions of particular women now use and recommend Red Cross Ball Lin. All grocers. Adv.

IN SEARCH OF HEALTH

"Child victims of tuberculosis, waris of the Cleveland Anti-Tuberculosis league are going 'back to the farm' in search of health. Equipment of the league's tuberculosis tent colony at Woodland Hills, just within the city limits, is being transferred to the city farms at Warrensville, at a cost of \$4,000. The league has established a new open-air sanatorium which the city will now take over and maintain. The new quarters will accommodate from 50 to 60 children, double the capacity of the old tent colony."

SUMMER WRAPS

Patience—Saw a robin today. Patience—Really? "Yes, really." "Well, I must hurry right home and get my box out of campfire. I guess the summer is coming, after all."

YOUNG MAN, BEWARE OF THE GIRL WHO SPRINGS A COOKING SCHOOL DIPLOMA ON YOU

It is the same as a leap year proposal.

A Brooklyn Druggist Praises the Great Kidney Remedy

I have handled Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy for twenty years and have heard plenty of favorable reports concerning it from my customers. They are satisfied with the results obtained from its use. I know of no other cases where Swamp-Root has cured Stone in the Bladder, Gall Stones, Gravel, Catarrh or Inflammation of Bladder, Liver trouble, Rheumatism. I have used it in my own family with good results; and I heartily endorse Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and believe it has good curative value.

Very truly yours,
ALEX.